

SECOND HAND PIANOS

AT
CANNEY'S MUSIC STORE,
67 Congress Street.

Call and Investigate.

SPECIAL SALE OF SHEET MUSIC,
10 Sheets for 25 Cents.

15 YOU TAKE TIME EARNING 15
S. K. AMES' STORES. **MONEY!** S. K. AMES' STORES.

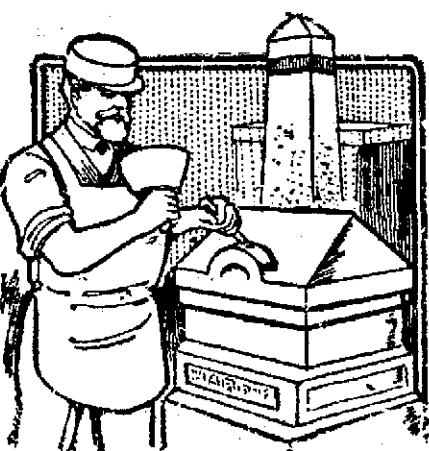
Now Save a Part Of It.

Give our goods a trial; we sell the best. No other kind admitted. That's the active, tireless, unfailing policy. Everything you buy here is fresh and wholesome, and the low-price principle is never obscured. Select any item at random. Compare our price with the price anywhere else. There'll be a difference—a difference in our favor.

Our Specialties are—Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Beans, Tea and Coffee.

AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,
35 CONGRESS ST., PORTSMOUTH.

OTHER STORES:
Boston Fitchburg Everett
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THE MAKING OF A MONUMENT.

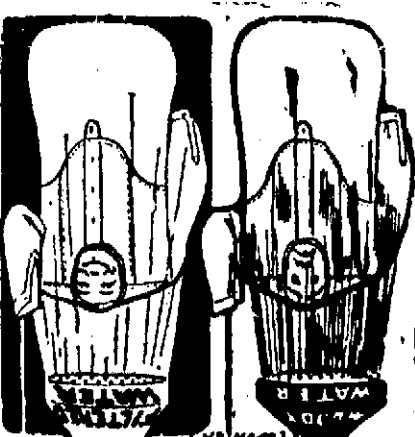
We design and execute descriptions of monuments at work in the best and most appropriate style, employing material which experience has shown to be best fitted to retain its color and quality. We solicit an interview on the subject.

Thomas G. Lester,
Shop and Yard
No. 2 Water Street.

GUNS!

AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS

A. P. Wendell & Co.
2 MARKET SQUARE.



MUDY WATER

Is not conducive to effective cleansing. It doesn't wash clean. Leaves your laundry streaky and yellow. We filter the water thoroughly before using. Thus, in addition to our skill and experience in laundering, we always use satisfactory results. We turn out work of a distinctly superior character, at very moderate rates. Special attention given to shirts, collars and cuffs. Best service.

CENTRAL STEAM LAUNDRY
61 State Street.
TELEPHONE 157-2.

ST. LOUIS BOODLE.

Latest Portraits of the Members of the Powerful Corrupt Missouri Legislative Ring Who Face Prison Bars for Most Flagrant Political Deal in History of American Politics.

THRILLING TRIAL OF CORRUPT FREEBOOTERS



The exposure and present prosecution of the big legislative ring of St. Louis boodlers is one of the biggest and most sensational coups in the history of municipal politics. The startling and revolting details now laid bare by the intrepid prosecuting attorney of St. Louis will doubtless result in placing behind the bars several of Missouri's prominent politicians and millionaires, who are charged with selling their votes in the St. Louis city legislature and their testimony is expected to be of great help to the prosecution.

TO BE A FLAGSHIP.

U. S. S. Vixen To Carry Rear Admiral Coghlan.

He Is Second In Command Of North Atlantic Station.

Will Sail On the Gunboat About November 1st, For Caribbean Sea.

Quite an honor will come to the U. S. S. Vixen, when the repairs now being made upon her at this navy yard shall have been completed.

At a recent conference between Secretary Moody and Rear Admiral Coghlan, second in command of the North Atlantic station, it was arranged that the Vixen should be used as Admiral Coghlan's flagship pending the completion of the repairs to the cruiser Olympia, under way at the Charlestown yard.

The Vixen is expected to be ready for service by the first of November.

Admiral Coghlan will sail on her to the Caribbean sea, to assume command of the division fleet of the North Atlantic squadron assigned to that particular station.

The Vixen is a converted gunboat, single-screw, of 896 tons. She has a secondary battery of four guns. She will be used as Admiral Coghlan's flagship only until relieved by the cruiser Olympia, the repairs to which will take a longer time than was expected.

In case the Olympia should be ready for sea by Oct. 20, as the officials at Charlestown hope, it will not be necessary for the admiral to hoist his colors on the Vixen. The latter, however, will join the squadron under Admiral Coghlan's command and be used by him as a tender.

The cruiser San Francisco is now in her way to the West Indies and there are already in these waters the Cincinnati, the Montgomery, the Marietta and the Panther.

Besides these vessels, the navy department intends to attach to Admiral Coghlan's squadron the protected cruiser Raleigh, the unprotected cruiser Detroit and the gunboat Machias. These vessels, with the exception of the Panther and Cincinnati, will be under the direct command of Rear Admiral Coghlan and that officer will act independently of Rear Admiral Silas Casey, who is now en route to Panama aboard the Wisconsin to take command of the United States naval force on the isthmus.

RACE PRACTICALLY OVER.

Although the American league schedule is not quite completed, the Philadelphia team is now absolutely certain of the championship. Should the Athletics lose every one of their remaining games, they could not be overtaken. It is unlikely that the Boston team will finish better than fourth and the many local supporters of Jimmy Collins and his men are much disappointed at their recent poor showing.

ONE MILLION PENSIONERS.

The pension roll of the United States has passed the 1,000,000 limit in its number of pensioners. At the end of the last fiscal year, on June 30 last, the pension rolls lacked 554 names of being 1,000,000. During July 2,951 pensioners were added, bringing the grand total to \$1,001,497 on July 31. At the end of the fiscal year, the list exceeded all previous records of the total number of pensioners at the close of any fiscal year.

A TROLLEY RIDE

Over the new line FROM
PORTSMOUTH TO EXETER
Would not be complete without
MEALS AT SQUAMSCOTT
N. S. Willey, HOUSE Proprietor
EXETER, N. H.

EXETER HAPPENINGS.

Leonard B. Smith Attains His 84th Birthday.

Phillips Academy Having Hard Luck In Athletics.

Budget Of Other Timely Topics From Our Special Correspondent.

(Special Correspondence.)

Exeter, Sept. 26.
Leonard B. Smith, one of Exeter's most prominent citizens, was eighty-four years old yesterday. His health is still vigorous, and he gives personal attention to his extensive business matters.

Mr. Smith was born in Andover, Mass., Sept. 25, 1818, the son of John and Abigail (Bailey) Smith. His father having met with reverses as a tanner and currier, Mr. Smith's educational advantages were limited to a few months' attendance at the district school, and as a mere boy he was compelled to take employment in a woolen mill.

At twenty he bought his time of his father for fifty dollars and then entered the Boston & Maine railroad employ, remaining with that company for twenty years, rising from laborer to foreman of construction work, the freight agency at Dover, and the station agency at Newmarket.

Upon leaving the railroad's employ Mr. Smith became a farmer, but lumbering has long been his principal occupation. The firm of L. B. Smith & Son is one of the most important in this section. Mr. Smith has a charming home on High street, and has amassed a competence.

Though not an office seeker, Mr. Smith is a zealous republican, and he is a member of the First church. In 1841 he married Miss Betsey Dole of Haverhill.

Phillips Exeter is surely having hard luck in not having more of last year's athletes return to school. The track team is suffering the most, and the boys believe that Coach Connors will "be up against it." It is now said on good authority that Capt. W. L. Anderson of the track team will not return to school. Anderson is the best hurdler the school ever had with perhaps the exception of Walter Hersey,

and he is surely Hersey's equal. He is also a good sprinter. He is the son of Dr. W. G. Anderson, the director of the Yale gymnasium.

There are now but three track men in school who have won their "E's"—Captain Brill of the football team, who throws the hammer; B. L. Whitcomb, who holds the record in the high jump, and W. I. Butterfield, whose indoor record for the 600-yard run is within two seconds of the world's record. Butterfield, however, will not be able to compete this year, as he has not yet recovered from the effects of an operation for appendicitis, which he underwent just before the meet with Andover last spring.

The Phillips Exeter football team will go to Medford, Mass., tomorrow morning and in the afternoon will play the Tufts college eleven. Coach Swain will take about fifteen men. It has been many years since Exeter has met Tufts in football and the last contest was a very severe defeat for Tufts. Exeter will not win this year, however, and it is doubtful if Tufts is prevented from scoring. Exeter has good material, but it has not yet begun to be developed.

The Royal Ladies' Court has elected this temporary list of officers: President, Mrs. Anna W. Tuttle; Secretary, J. Albert Clark; Treasurer, Miss Lizzie J. Tuttle; Executive committee, Miss Lizzie G. Rollins, Miss Mabel Clark and Mrs. O. H. Sleeper.

About two hundred. Masons and their ladies, principally from Portsmouth, Exeter and Dover, enjoyed an outing at Hampton Beach yesterday. The program opened with a baseball game at 10:30 in the morning, between the northern and southern districts of the jurisdiction. The latter team won by a score of 14 to 4. Other sports included pool, billiards, bowling and dancing. For the latter the Naval orchestra of Portsmouth furnished music. At 1:30 an immense clam bake was served. Each person had two lobsters, two quarts of clams, two sweet potatoes, two ears of corn, three hard boiled eggs and all the coffee and doughnuts he or she could dispose of. All reported a grand time.

The wedding of James Andrew Gibson and Miss Eva L. Brown is appointed for Monday, Sept. 29, at the bride's home on Front street. The groom is a graduate of Phillips Exeter and Harvard and the bride of the Robinson Female seminary.

A daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. R. Dudley Burpee. Capt. McLane, Capt. Pittman, Capt. Brigham, Capt. Cahill and Capt. Burlingame of the Exeter fire department are attending the Relief association at Manchester today.

The Root of the Matter

He Cured Himself of Serious Stomach Trouble, By Getting Down to First Principles.

A man of large affairs in one of our prominent eastern cities by too close attention to business, too little exercise and too many club dinners, finally began to pay nature's tax, levied in the form of chronic stomach trouble; the failure of his digestion brought about a nervous irritability making it impossible to apply himself to his daily business and finally deranging the kidneys and heart.

In his own words he says: "I consulted one physician after another and each one seemed to understand my case, but all the same they each failed to bring about the return of my former digestion, appetite and vigor. For two years I went from pillar to post, from one sanitarium to another. I gave up smoking. I quit coffee and even renounced my daily glass or two of beer, but without any marked improvement.

"Friends had often advised me to try a well known proprietary medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and I had often perused the newspaper advertisements of the remedy, but never took any stock in advertised medicines nor could believe a fifty-cent patent medicine would touch my case.

"To make a long story short I finally bought a couple of packages at the nearest drug store and took two or three tablets after each meal and occasionally a tablet between meals, when I felt any feeling of nausea or discomfort.

"I was surprised at the end of the first week to note a marked improvement in my appetite and general health and before the two packages were gone I was certain that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets were going to cure completely and they did not disappoint me. I can eat and sleep and enjoy my coffee and cigar and no one would suppose I had ever known the horrors of dyspepsia.

"Out of friendly curiosity I wrote to the proprietors of the remedy asking for information as to what the tablets contained and they replied that the principal ingredients were aseptic pepsin (government test), malt diastase and other natural digestives, which digest food regardless of the condition of the stomach."

The root of the matter is this, the digestive elements contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food, give the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate and the nerves and whole system receive the nourishment which can only come from food; stimulants and nerve tonics never give real strength, they give a fictitious strength, invariably followed by reaction. Every drop of blood, every nerve and tissue is manufactured from our daily food, and if you can insure its prompt action and complete digestion by the regular use of so good and wholesome a remedy as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, you will have no need of nerve tonics and sanitariums.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been in the market only a few years, yet probably every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain now sells them and considers them the most popular and successful of any preparation for stomach trouble.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, Sept. 26.—Schooner Stony Brook, Capt. Grant, Frankfort for Portsmouth navy yard, with stone; schooner Carrie C. Mills, Capt. West, Frankfort for Portsmouth navy yard, with stone; schooner Albert Pharo, Capt. Pinkham, same; schooner Mary A. Hall, Capt. Smith, Boston for Stonington, light; Race Horse, Capt. White, Boston for Weymouth, N. S.; light; schooner Harold L. Berry, Capt. Harford, Boston for Kennebec, light; schooner General Scott, Boston for Calais, light; schooner J. Kennedy, Capt. Morrison, same; schooner Alden Keene, Capt. Eaton, Gloucester for Portland, light; schooner Chester R. Lawrence, Capt. Grinnell, Boston for Rockport, light; schooner Abbie Morse, Capt. Nutter, Stueben for Gloucester with fish; schooner Charles A. Hunt, Capt. Dow, Boston for Stonington, light; schooner Glendy Burke, Capt. Stanley, New York for Bangor, light; schooner Silver Heels, Rockland for New York, with stone; schooner George A. MacFadden, Baltimore for Portsmouth; schooner Alma E. A. Holmes, Capt. Smith, Philadelphia for Portsmouth, with coal; tug H. A. Mathes, Capt. Drew, Boston for Portsmouth; barge Elliot, Capt. Frisbee, Boston for Elliot, light; barge P. N. Co., No. 9, Capt. Wall, same; tug Piscataqua, Capt. Perkins, Boston for Portsmouth; barge Berwick, Capt. Hutchins, Boston for Elliot, light; barge Exeter, Capt. Priest, same.

Sailed.—Schooners L. A. Plummer, sloop Albert Baldwin, tug Harriet C. Kerlin, barge Eagle Hill.

DANCE ON THE VIXEN.

The officers of the U. S. S. Vixen, now at this navy yard, entertained the officers at the yard and their families and society friends in this city, at a dance given on board the ship on Thursday evening.

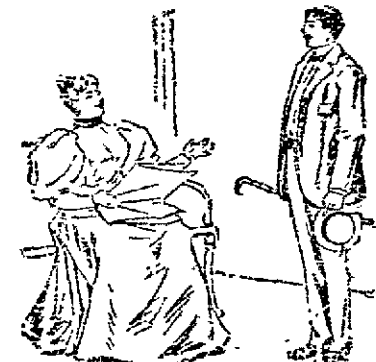
NEW CAPTAIN FOR THE EAGLE.

Lieut. Commander M. L. Wod, U. S. N., has been detached from the Kearney and ordered to command the U. S. S. Eagle at the navy yard here.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.
Will Often Help You Greatly. Read
What a Portsmouth Citizen Says.

You may hesitate to listen to the advice of strangers, but the testimony of friends or residents of Portsmouth is worth your most careful attention. It is an easy matter to investigate such proof as this. Then the evidence must be conclusive. Read the following:
Mr. John Logan, of No. 7 Rock street, says: "I never had any trouble with my kidneys until just before I obtained a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Philbrick's pharmacy on Congress street. I was taken all at once with a severe pain in the loins and it kept up a constant aching. Often it was so sore that it took my breath away to straighten up after bending forward, and my head reeled or I was seized with dizziness that almost obscured my vision. I brought the trouble on me by lifting heavily and I did not expect to ever get rid of it. When I read about Doan's Kidney Pills I thought I would try them. Before I had taken the whole box I began to feel better. Soon the pain left for good and I have not had the slightest indication of a return."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR.
20 High Street.

W. E. PAUL
RANGES

—AND—
PARLOR STOVES
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enameled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

39 to 45 Market Street

OLIVER W. HAM.
(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)
60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

—AND—
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance 120, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Mayne avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

E. S. ROSE,
COAL AND WOOD

Will Resume Business At

No. 66 STATE STREET,
(Journal Building)

In September.

THE LAST TRIP.
Lieut. Peary Says He Will Never Go
Back to the Frozen North.

"No, I shall never make another trip to the Arctic regions," said Lieut. Peary to a Portland Express reporter. "I made my first expedition toward the North pole in 1896, again in 1897, again in 1898, again in 1899, lastly in 1900. Being gone this time four years, I think the pole is sure to be discovered. It is merely a question of time and human perseverance and endurance. I could have gone nearer to the pole on this trip than I did, but the progress would have been so slow, owing to the barriers of snow and ice, that it would not have compensated for the time and labor. What was the appearance of things in front of me at the highest latitude I reached? Why, imagine the ground on which the city of Portland stands to be thrown up by a series of earthquakes in heights of all dimensions from 10 to 200 feet, and junks of ice from five to fifty feet thick about on all sides, with dry snow of unknown depth everywhere—and you may get a faint idea of the outlook before me at the highest latitude I attained. No, I don't believe in the existence of what is called the open Polar sea. In my opinion the ice stretches to the pole itself, though broken here and there, but not sufficiently to warrant the expression, open sea."

"What was the coldest weather I ever experienced in the Arctic region? Seventy and one-half degrees below zero. In that temperature if you should put your bare hand on a piece of wood, it would burn the flesh like fire. Of course, in that temperature every part of the body, face and all, must be constantly covered with thick fur. Yes, the newspapers have published a list of the most important specimens that I brought home from the Arctic circle. I think the walrus and the musk ox are the first animals of the kind to be brought to this country. I see they have arrived safely in New York and are being well cared for."

"The pole can be reached. I have seen nothing to modify my original plan outlined just before my last start for the north—by which I proposed to establish supply stations at intervals and then make a dash, aided by Eskimos and dogs prepared and instructed in advance. That is the way to reach the pole, and if it is ever reached it will be better done by following that plan."

ONE WAY TO SERVE SOUP.

This German Waiter Squirted It Into the Tourist's Plate.

"Speaking of soup," said a prominent musician who has traveled over a good part of the earth, "reminds me of an experience I had some years ago while in one of the provinces of Germany. I had stopped over in a small town for a day or two and was at the best hotel in the place. This is not saying a great deal, for the patronage did not justify anything like gorgeousness in the matter of service or in the kind and character of the food furnished the guests. The proprietor, at any rate, was doing the best that he could, and, no doubt, I would have got along all right but for the peculiar method they employed in serving soup. I have never seen the method employed in any other place, and, to be candid about it, I have not been on the lookout for the unique way of serving the first number on the menu. The first intimation I had of the curious practice was when a big, heavy Hollander, with a husky voice, who had rushed up behind me, asked 'Soup?' 'Yes,' I replied, and before I knew what had happened he had squirted the soup out into my plate. I was surprised and shocked and not a little puzzled at first, because I did not know how the waiter had managed to squirt the soup into my plate so quickly. I had expected him to bring my soup in the usual way, in a plate. But he shot the soup over my shoulder before the echo of the 'ja' had left my lips. I watched him make his round of my table. He had the soup in a receptacle of some sort that looked like a cross between a bippie and something else, and it worked with a suction-rod arrangement. If a guest wanted soup he would press the rod, and the liquid would squirt out into the plate. It was interesting enough, to save my life, I couldn't eat the soup, and, in fact, I couldn't eat anything else in the place. I suppose it was all right, but I simply couldn't stand for it, and when I left the place I was nearly starved."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HELEN GOULD.

Never has any philanthropist been known to regard the public contemplation of her gifts with such positive aversion as Miss Helen Gould. Several times when she has become interested in the needs of a certain class with the intention of bestowing substantial relief, it has been with the stipulated understanding that no publicity be given to the request in its relation to the donor. Then when the facts have leaked out it has afforded the gentle benefactress no end of discomfort. Thus it was, for example, when she endowed the Sadlers' Home. The public feels that it has a right to be acquainted with her good deeds, and applauds accordingly. For ever since Miss Gould bestowed \$100,000 upon Uncle Sam himself at the time of the Cuban war, she has been regarded as a national character. The Hall of Fame fund and idea relate directly to her, and while she makes some generous donation of a medium-sized fortune every year to some public cause, the benefactors that she never made known or discovered far outnumber them.

In leading up to the petition Miss Gould now occupies before the public, it is not necessary to go back many years, for it is only less than a decade ago since she assumed control of the great wealth left by her father, Jay Gould. In order to better understand the time of her life she took a course of legal training herself in the Woman's

Law Class of the New York University, earning her diploma, and later becoming a patroness. She endowed a chair in the university, became a member of the board of managers of the woman's department, and has ever since devoted much of her attention to the conduct of its affairs. In the immediate neighborhood of her own home she maintains a small sized orphan asylum, where many little homeless children are made comfortable and happy. There she knows every child by name, and loves them all and is loved in return.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer Dey in The Pilgrim for October.

AMUSING ORDERS.

How Railroad Men Were Governed Years Ago.

Railroad men of the present generation find it difficult to imagine how traffic was kept up in the days when there were no telegraphs. In the magazine published in the interest of the Order of Railway Conductors, current number, is an extract from rules on the Georgia Central road of nearly fifty years ago. Many Portsmouth railroad men learned of the article recently and made it their way to hunt up conductors who had copies and read it, as it was the most amusing thing in their line they had read for years. Some of the queer rules for "Engine Men" were as follows:

"Each engine-man will keep a watch which must be regulated by the time of his conductor at the commencement of each trip; and he will always have in his possession the current schedule book."

"Should any stock be killed which would be likely to endanger the safety of the next train passing, the engine man will stop his train until the track is cleared."

"In connecting and starting, the engine man will be exceedingly careful in the management of his throttle, so the cars may not be injured or the passengers annoyed by the violence of the start."

"When a train is approaching a stopping place, it is the duty of the engine man to see that the fire is so regulated that it will be unnecessary to blow off steam while the engine remains stationary."

"All engines running at night must keep the dampers open so as to show a light."

The queerest of all the innumerable rules is one for conductors which shows it was no uncommon thing in those days for trains to get mixed up and meet going in opposite directions. Double tracks were then unthought of. This rule was:

"As a general rule, when trains meet between stations, the train nearest the turnout will run back. Any dispute as to which train is to retire is to be determined at once by the conductors without any interference in the part of the engine men." For the violation of any of these rules he employees were reprimanded and sometimes fined.

REGULATION OF SALUTES.

Instructions To Commanders Pertaining To Winter Naval Maneuvers.

With a view of making the coming winter maneuvers in the Caribbean sea approach service conditions as nearly as possible, Secretary Moody has issued instructions to the commanders-in-chief of the North Atlantic squadrons, which will eliminate almost endless official firing of salutes, which take place ordinarily in time of peace when ships meet at sea. The order was issued upon the recommendation of Admiral Dewey and the general board. It is as follows:

"During the coming winter maneuvers in the Caribbean sea and vicinity the United States naval regulations governing the firing of salutes and the uniforms of officers will be modified as follows: The flagship of each squadron shall salute the flag of the commander-in-chief once only, and that when first meeting. Other vessels of the squadron shall not salute the flag officer nor the flag of the commander-in-chief. No personal salutes will be fired. Official calls shall be made in service dress either white or blue as prescribed. When vessels are inspected either by the flag officer or otherwise, the uniform of the day shall be worn."

The commanders of the several squadrons are instructed to issue the necessary orders to carry the above modifications of the regulations into effect. It was announced at the navy department today that Admiral Dewey will fly his flag on the converted cruiser Mayflower instead of on the dispatch boat Dolphin during the big maneuvers in the Caribbean next winter. The Mayflower is used by the president when he has need of her, but, as the Dolphin is regarded as a rather small vessel for the headquarters of the admiral of the navy, President Roosevelt inquired of the admiral if the Mayflower would not be more suitable and tendered him the use of her for the maneuvers. The offer was accepted by Admiral Dewey with gratification, and the vessel will be prepared for the maneuvers.

AUTUMN OUTINGS.

One way in which we may make the winter seem shorter is to make the summer as long as possible. The dose of the summer vacation outing need not, necessarily, end all communion with nature as it is found in rural or seaside localities. In these latter days of the omnipresent trolley car it is possible for city dwellers to reach the country in a short time. The fields are never more beautiful than during the autumn. The fact that diaphanous garments, straw hats and open cars are out of season does not mean that eyes and ears must be closed to the sights and sounds of field and forest until next May or June comes round again. The day, out of doors, as late as they can are not so likely to become tired of in town before the steps of another spring are here. —The Herald.

State officers are hunting on their annual and biennial reports.

The Herald's Daily Puzzle.



"JAMES, BRING ME SOME WATER." WHERE IS JAMES?

RETORTS COURTEOUS.

A Comedy Introducing a Top Coat and Incidentally Husband and Wife.

"My dear," he petulantly inquired from the head of the stairs, after a protracted period of rummaging in the attic, "will you be good enough to tell me what in the dickens has become of that top coat of mine?"

She appeared at the bottom of the steps and gazed at him blankly.

"Why," she began, "I was wondering what you were hunting for up there."

"Th-h-h," said he, starting down the stairs, "so you've gone and sold that top coat of mine to the old clothes man, hey? Well, if that wouldn't jar you!"

"Didn't I tell you," she began again, "that I had—"

"And here," he broke in, peevishly, "I've been figuring right along on having that coat to cover me up when the chilly evenings drifted along, and—"

"If you would only give me a chance to—"

"Probably you've gained the impression that I'm one of those silent millionaires, and that I'm trying to hold out my wealth on you, and maybe you've chartered it out that I'm able to dig up \$40 for a new top coat every time a different spring or autumn fits this way, or—"

"John Youngstreet, if you—"

"And I'll bet a nickel's worth of gum that you'd be ashamed to own up just what the old clothes fellow gave you for the coat, if, indeed, you sold it to him at all. Come to think of it, on several occasions you've disposed of valuable garments and shoes and hats of mine to these back-door peddlers who give in exchange for such things tin teapots and eggbeaters and such like that—"

"For mercy's sake, will you—"

"And when you heard the peddler pounding on the back gate you, of course, began to wax covetous over the miserable little thirty-five cents that he jingled in his hand—"

"Will the man ever in this wide world stop long enough—"

"And you just tossed it over to him when he offered to give you, to boot, they say, one of those nickel coffee strainers, and so here I am with the autumn right at hand and all of the fellows flashing their top coats on me, without anything to keep me warm unless I wear that two-inch, nickel ulster, and will have to go down and make another \$40 dig when the one that you all but gave away was just as good in almost every respect as a brand new—"

She went over to where he was executing his little endless-chain-of-words stunt, grabbed him by the lapels of his smoking jacket, shook him until his teeth all but rattled, silenced him with two or three hysterical little

screeches, and said:

"If you had lived two centuries ago in Massachusetts or any of those places you would have spent most of your time on the ducking stool as a common scold. I never heard a human being give vent to such a flow of perfectly unreasonable nonsense in my life, and when you get started you're worse than an old windmill that creaks and groans and complains all day and all night, and—"

"Fellow's got a right to kick if his clothes are all peddled away to junk-men—"

"And if you would only rest your voice long enough to listen until people work in a word edgewise, you would get more information, but, no, you go on with an interminable string of stuff about eggbeaters and coffee pots without knowing a word of what you are talking about, and you never by any chance do people the slightest sort of justice for spending all of their time looking after you and your comfort, but the first time you think you've got a chance to begin one of those continuous performance harp-harp-harps of yours about some teeny tiny miserable thing away you start, like an old hundred year-old clock that takes the notion to start running, and nothing in the wide, wide world will stop you, except t—"

"All right, then, if you think it's the proper kink for you to swipe the only clothes I've got and dish 'em out to rag dealers for little or nothing, why, go ahead, but—"

"And all the time that you're going on like a train of cars running away down a mountain side I'm trying the very best I know how, I'm sure, to tell you—"

"To tell me what?"

"All the time that you're gibbering and gyrating around and tussling up your hair and twisting up your mustache until you look like a walrus, I'm struggling frantically to tell you—"

"All right. What were you trying to tell me, I'd like to know?"

"And never a word would you let me get in, no matter how frantically and crazily I tried; but, no, away you went, like a bank Monk's stage coach flying on two wheels down a rocky mountain grade, and if you don't remind me of my Aunt Mary out in rural Ohio, who would talk for three straight days and nights once she got unwound, you don't remind me of anybody, and yet I was trying the best I knew to tell you—"

Then he grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her, and she stifled.

"Well," she inquired, pleasantly, "and how do you like it yourself?"

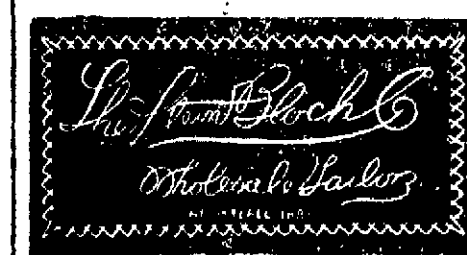
"Well, let's call it a draw," said he, relaxing into a sheepish grin himself.

"What's that you say you were going to tell me?"

"That I took your topcoat down to the cleaner's," she replied again, "and that I am expecting the cleaner's boy to bring it up at almost any minute."—Washington Star.

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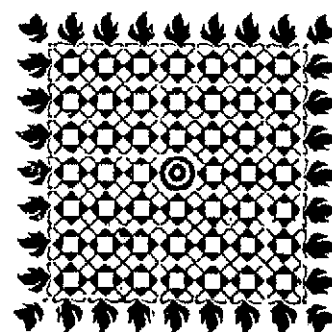
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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

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EASTERN DIVISION.

Summer Arrangement.
(In Effect, June 16, 1902.)

Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.47, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 10.55, 11.05 a. m., 1.38, 2.21, *3.05, 5.00, 6.35, 7.23 p. m. Sunday, 3.47, 8.00 a. m., 2.21 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—5.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.45, 5.22, 8.50, 11.20 p. m. Sunday, 8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.20, 11.20 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 8.30, 10.45 a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 8.20, 10.45 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55, 11.16 a. m., 3.00 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55, 11.16 a. m., 2.40, 3.00, 5.22, 5.30 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m., 1.30, 5.00 p. m.

For Rochester—9.45, 9.55, 11.16 a. m., 2.40, 3.00, 5.22, 5.30 p. m. Sunday, 5.00 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.20, 2.40, 5.22, 8.52 p. m. Sunday, 8.30, 10.45 a. m., 1.30, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 5.00, 6.35 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00, 6.35 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 9.40, 10.10 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 3.15, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 9.45 p. m. Sunday, 4.30, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.40, 7.00, 9.45 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.40, 6.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.40 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.25 a. m., 10.40, 3.15 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.19, 9.47 a. m., 12.49, 4.50, 5.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.32, 10.00 a. m., 1.02, 4.50, 5.44, 7.23 p. m. Sunday, 12.30, 4.12, 6.58 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.55, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30, a. m., 12.45, 4.25, 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—7.56, 9.22, 11.54 a. m., 2.13, 4.26, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sunday, 6.26, 10.06 a. m., 8.09 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—8.02, 9.28 a. m., 12.00 p., 2.19, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sunday, 6.30, 10.12 a. m., 8.15 p. m.

Leave Greenland—8.08, 9.35 a. m., 12.06, 2.25, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 6.26, 10.17 a. m., 8.20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations or Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.49, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.07 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Sping—9.22 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.32 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning, leave

Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

PORTSMOUTH, KITTERY AND YORK STREET RAILWAY.

FALL ARRANGEMENT, 1902.

From Portsmouth—Ferry leaves P. K. & Y. Landing, Portsmouth, *6.55, *7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55 a. m., 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55 p. m. Arrive at St. Aspinquid Park, York Beach, *6.30, *7.30, *8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

To Portsmouth—Car leaves St. Aspinquid Park, York Beach, *5.45, *6.30, *7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 p. m. Arrives at P. K. & Y. Landing, Portsmouth, *6.35, *7.05, *7.35, 8.05, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, 11.05, 11.35 a. m., 12.35, 1.35, 2.35, 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 9.35, 10.35, 11.35 p. m.

*Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Kittery making close connection with electric cars.

**Cancelled Sunday.

Mail and Express trips—week days. Car heated.

Subject to changes and unavoidable delays.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Kittery & Eliot Street Railway Co

Leaves Greenacre, Eliot—6.10, 6.45, *7.15, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, *10.50, 11.10 p. m.

*Leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery—6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30 p. m.

Sunday—First trip from Greenacre 8.10 a. m.

*Ferry leaves Portsmouth five minutes earlier.

**Leaves Staples' Store, Eliot.

**To Kittery and Kittery Point only.

Runs to Staples' store only.

Fares—Portsmouth to South Eliot school house No. 7, 5 cents; South Eliot school house No. 7 to Greenacre 5 cents.

Tickets for sale at T. F. Staples & Co's, Eliot, and T. E. Wilson's, Kittery.

Portsmouth Electric Railway

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 17, 1902.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at *7.05 a. m., 8.05 and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at *5.30 a. m., *6.50 a. m. and *10.05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. 1.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.05 a. m., 9.05 and hourly until 8.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at *6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at *6.35 a. m., *7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at *10.35 and *11.05.

Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington street and down Market street—Leave Market Square at *6.35 a. m., *7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at *10.35 and *11.05.

*Omitted Sundays.

*Omitted holidays.

Saturdays only.

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D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

TIME TABLE.

April 1 Until September 30.

Leaves Navy Yard—7.55, 8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.05, 5.00, 5.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.10, 8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.15, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.00 *10.00 p. m. Sundays 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

GEORGE F. F. WILDE, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.

Approved: J. J. READ, Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant.

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WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also receive careful attention to the turbing and grading of lots, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies in addition to work at the cemeteries he will do the turbing and grading in the city at short notice.

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RIPANS.

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach.

First Analysis of Accidents.

In 1796 a stone weighing fifty-six pounds was exhibited in London.

It was said to have fallen from the sky in Yorkshire in the previous December.

but this statement was received with great incredulity.

At that time Sir Joseph Banks was president of the Royal Society, and he noticed a strong resemblance between the Yorkshire stone and one sent to him from Siena, in Italy, which was said to have fallen from the sky.

Two or three years later he received an account of a fall of stones near Benares, in Hindustan.

A chemical analysis of the stones from all three sources proved them to be identical in composition, and incredulity as to their meteoric origin began to give way.

Notes and Queries.

Eccentricities of English.

There is a new maid in the family, a Swedish girl, who has many things besides language to learn, says an exchange.

Her new mistress, who is a young wife with a husband many years her senior, is trying to instruct her.

One of the lessons was upon bread, the girl being told that she should speak of bread which had lost its freshness as stale, and not old.

The girl was sure to remember this, for she was quick to learn, and she did.

So the young wife knew when a few days later the maid remarked to her confidentially:

"It is too bad, isn't it, that your husband is so much more stale than you are?"—Detroit Free Press.

CUPID IN A THUNDERBOLT

By HELEN SEMPLE

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

The Colorado sun was beating unmercifully upon her aristocratic oval face, yet she still clung to the farthest rock on the little neck of land and unblinkingly watched her boat, which never once bobbed.

She was not there because she loved the sport. Even the frisky mountain trout knew that and flitted their tails audaciously as they swam under and around her hook.

No; it was simply because she would not join the laughing group on the bank, where Randolph Foster, with kindling eyes, was recounting his adventures on a hunting trip with Buffalo Bill in the latter's big tract of wild land in the Big Horn country.

To join a mountain party in Colorado for the express purpose of escaping the presence and the memory of a certain individual and then to have that individual drop unexpectedly and uninvited from some unheard of region was more than Grace Allen's soul could bear.

A fresh burst of laughter floated across the tiny inlet, and she whipped the stream sharply with her line. Then very cautiously she skipped from stone to stone until she stood almost midway in the shallow river beyond the reach of the merry voices.

She stood there thinking not of the speckled fish which she could not catch, but of a most desirable social fish that had once come her way and then had whisked off again, and all because—well, it was his fault.

She would maintain that to the bitter end. She suddenly realized that she was wretchedly tired. Wearily she folded her rod, swung it over her shoulder and retraced her steps to the point.

A great silence had fallen on the scene. The campfire was out, and the circle of horses on the edge of the picnic grounds had vanished. They had gone!

And she was alone, miles and miles from Wagon Wheel Gap hotel. There were mountain lions in these forest fastnesses, and three days before she had seen with her own eyes a great cub, trailing up the mountain side. She gasped and clung weakly to the nearest tree.

Then suddenly she stood up very straight and tall. A masculine arm thrust aside the undergrowth some six feet above of her. A strong, tanned face followed the arm, and then Randolph Foster stood before her.

"I hope you haven't been frightened, Grace," he said as calmly as if he

hadn't been delightedly watching her face through the maze of undergrowth and trees. "You were so interested in your fishing that you didn't hear Hanscom's call, and the girls were in a hurry. There's a hop tonight, you know, and they wanted to get home early, and as I don't care for hops I told them I'd wait till you were ready."

"Very self sacrificing, Mr. Foster, but really I'd prefer having been here to go with—the crowd."

Foster bit his lip.

"I've nothing but a cart, yet perhaps that's better than walking." He held out his hand for her fishing trap, but she ignored the courtesy and plunged after him through the undergrowth to the little clearing where stood his cart and horse.

A mountain cart, not unlike a trotting sulky in its build, is not the most dignified vehicle in which to ride, especially with a man from whom one would like to keep at a comfortable distance. In vain Grace tried to lean toward her own side of the cart. The very ruts and stones in the road seemed in league against her.

On one side rose the mountain, with its mass of quivering aspen, brilliant yellow and purple flowers and tinkling streams, while on the other fell a sheer precipice straight to the winding river bed. On and on they rode in silence as unbroken as that of the woods around them. He meant to say many things, but he was waiting for an opportune moment, and it came with unexpected suddenness. As they rounded a bend in the road a portentous darkness fell upon them. The leaves rustled ominously, and a rock loosened by the pony's boots rolled over the precipice and struck craz after craz with startling distinctness. Grace shivered.

"Oh, it's one of those awful mountain storms, and I'm so afraid!" Foster whipped up the horse. He did not dare let her see how alarmed he really was.

"We've got a few minutes' grace, and if I remember rightly there's a hunter's cabin just beyond the next curve." Grace clung to Foster's arm, and even as the cart swung dangerously he was happily conscious of her dependence upon him.

They rounded the curve, and there in the dim shadows of the lowering skies stood the haven of refuge. Foster broke his knife and the lock simultaneously and thrust Grace indoors. Then turned to tether his horse to the nearest tree. He found Grace cowering on an upturned sapling. With a shriek of maniacal rage the storm burst about them. Forest giants quivered and bent; the lightning swept down the mountain side in continuous volleys. The room was one glare of yellowish blue light, and Foster, who was standing close to Grace's side, felt her hand creep into his. It was cold as ice and trembling. Instantly he was on the box beside her, drawing her with protecting arms to his heart.

"Oh, Randolph, are we in great danger?"

"I'm afraid we are, dear," he answered, with conviction, "and we're not going to let this miserable misunderstanding come between us—at such a time."

It was his chance, and he took it.

"But you know, Randolph, you were in the wrong. If you'd just admit that, I'd be—"

Again that awful glare of blue light. Far above them sounded something like the rending of the earth itself, then an awful crunching, grinding sound, the building shook, and above the roar of the storm rose the frightened neigh of their horse, followed by a mighty rumble, and silence.

"Randolph, what was it—what was it?" she sobbed.

Foster, white now to his very lips, simply held her closer. He had spoken in jest, but surely some awful danger seemed to have passed by them.

"Never mind, Ran, whose fault it was. I love you. I have always loved you, and we're going to die together."

He kissed her gently and for a moment felt as if it mattered little what came next. But nothing did come. Gradually the storm abated, the blackness lifted, and Randolph, disengaging himself from Grace's convulsive clasp, threw open the door. The sunshine came down gloriously upon the sparkling ground, rocks and trees. The birds twittered cheerily, and the flowers lifted their heads proudly. A few rods beyond the cabin lay a huge boulder nearly as large as their place of refuge, and in its track lay the remains of the cart. The horse had fled. Loosened by the bolt of lightning, the boulder had plunged down the mountain side within a few yards of the tiny cabin.

Randolph showed Grace the wreckage and said cheerfully:

"It's a long walk to the hotel, Grace, but we ought to be thankful that we are alive to make it."

With a trembling hand Grace touched the great rock.

"I don't mind the walk—Randolph—with you."

And Foster, looking back at the cabin amid the sparkling branches and the twittering birds, said gently:

"I think we'll buy that cabin, Grace, and visit it as a sort of shrine—Cupid's shrine—every year."

THE FALL MILLINERY.

Few Hats are Mostly Flat and Elaborately Trimmed.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Sept. 16.—Everybody is to be suited this season so far as hats are concerned, for there never was a greater variety, from the rough stitched frieze to the velvet with lace and other trimmings. The soft, fine felt is like velvet, and the rough friezes are just rough enough and coarse enough to come under the head of "style."

These are trimmed in curious ways, some of them having a long fish made of small but brilliant feathers and on one over the other, like scales. There are extra long ones with beads and tails, and they are brought around the edge of the brain. I cannot say that I like these, but others may. The fancy made plume in shape of a fish or like a long feather taken from a pheasant or a peacock's breast makes a rich piece of garniture to twine among other and plainer things.

Ostrich plumes are seen, but they are extremely handsome ones, with very long and glossy hues. The poorer qualities are not seen, at least upon the heads of the new millinery.

There is a new felt, and I am at a loss just how to describe it. It has a solid body, but the surface is as woolly as a six-week-old Newfoundland puppy and quite as soft. The woolly surface is really wool and quite different from the silky beaver. There are many of these last, chiefly in white or light tints like cream and pearl; also French gray.

As to shape, everything goes, it would seem, the hat taking character from the trimming. Nearly one-half of the shapes are flat and so arranged that the brim shall droop very much like those of the past season, and in the trimming the drooping ribbon or veiling at the back is quite as well liked as it has been. Indeed almost all of the different shapes show more or less of this effect. It is very becoming.

Green is to be among the best liked of all the colors, but it will be mingled with other colors so that however unbecoming it is to the wearer as a color the hat itself is everything one could desire. A velvety felt "hat" is made a thing of beauty by facing it with a shirring of cream white chiffon and trimming the top with flat loops of velvet ribbon to match and having at the back a cascade of loops of the same. On the top of the ribbon a small bunch of "dusty miller" leaves and a few white grapes on each side make it beautiful. A small cluster of white carnations is set at the left side under the brim. A band is put around on the inside to hold the hat on the head in the approved way.

Turban shapes in quite a hundred different varieties are shown. Some are of lusterless straw and strips of felt interwoven until it looks like a new braid. It is extremely rich and novel. A turban of this style is made to set down nearly to the brows, and the brim turns up in broken lines. In black this has an elegance rare to see. Whatever trimming is put on this style of hat is put on the crown. Some have ribbon in a rather close mass, others have velvet flowers of some rich tint, with foliage of the same, while still others have one of the made plumes curled around. Few metal trimmings are seen.

Ranabont hats are made of rough straw for early fall and of braided felt for later in the season. Some are stitched round and round. One has the brim stitched and curled up a little at

A Living Electric Battery.

One of the most wonderful fish that frequent American waters is the torpedo ray, order raiiæ, formerly torpedinidæ, a denizen of the deep, often found on our eastern coast, especially along that portion of it extending from South Carolina to Key West. The electric apparatus or battery of the torpedo is its sole defense, and those who have come in contact with it when in good working order say that it is all sufficient. Naturalists compare the electric organs of the torpedo to the artificial voltaic pile. They consist of two series of layers, each composed of a multitude of hexagonal cells, the space which intervenes being filled with a jellylike substance, so that the cells may properly be compared to a Leyden jar.

Each full grown fish carries 480 of these electric batteries, the combined force of which is equal to the power stored in fifteen Leyden jars. In other words, there are about 3,000 square inches of the creature's body charged with electricity to the very highest degree. The upper side of this animated battery is positive and the lower negative, the power to use the battery being in full control of the fish.

Noodles and Macaroni.</

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®